Halloweak

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Chapter 1
Planned

When the sky was orange. When the sun waved goodbye at everyone. Smiling as it set, the students of Open Book School got out of school. Like everyday at that point, they went to Craig's Ground that was somehow still opened during the ninth grade. Nothing much changed, though, so a change in hangout shouldn't be excepted much.

As for Bruno, he's normal as he always is. An ordinary nobody. While it may sound harsh, Bruno already accepted that fact from a long time ago. He really is just a normal boy. Things still are normal for him. He walked out of the school gates just like everyone else. His classmates and himself followed the path to the hangout. The former held loads of bags with them, all seemingly decorations. Specifically, Halloween decorations. Indeed, everyone was getting prepared for Halloween. They were late to, since the day was before Halloween, but it didn't matter much. The students believed that they're fast enough to finish their jobs one night.

Bruno admittedly felt hollow on the inside. He didn't bring any decorations. Nothing to help his classmates. It's unlike him since he enjoys helping everyone. His empathetic skills help him do so.

Meanwhile, his classmates were blissfully unaware of Bruno, even his own best friend, Alex, is. Though he's aloof in general. He can't even pick up what an awkward silence means.

Once they reached the hangout, they instantly jumped into the hangout's building. Bruno was the only one who didn't do so. *"I'm useless"*, he tells himself. *"I mean, it's not like I could screw or hammer on something. I can't even lift a nail without hitting myself!"*.

Bruno felt even more rejected as some Class 1 students came to assist in his classmate's decorating work. The decoration that is either silly scary or something that could bring in an actual genuine scare. All black and orange. Some even have hints and tints of purple splashed in.

Bruno wished to chime in, but he didn't believe he can until…

“Hey, Bruno! Would you mind holding this on?”, Violet politely asked. Bruno stared at the banner Violet was working on. She had Roselynn on the opposite side of her, with Winnie under Rose’s ladder. Meanwhile, Violet was standing on the top. Bruno froze for a second, before saying “Sure thing!”.

Bruno climbed Violet’s ladder as she climbed down. Bruno held on the banner the best he can. He read the sign that said, **“Happy Halloween!”**. The text was in orange, while the background was in pitch black. Two pumpkins have devious smiles on the left and right sides of the banner. Two each. Bruno let go of the banner once Violet came back up to the ladder and straight-on threw white glitter at left side of the banner.

Roselynn gasped, while Winnie whistled. Both were in pure shock.

“Violet! You’re supposed to use the orange glitter! Or black! Eugh! Not the dumb white ones Sid put in”, Roselynn complained.

Violet blushed. She was as red as an apple. Her eyes forcing her to look down. “Sorry…”, Violet quietly apologized. She then looked at Bruno, who looked as embarrassed as she was. She lit herself up, assuring Bruno “Oh Bruno! It’s not your fault!”. She knew how fragile Bruno’s self-esteem is. While it is unfortunate, that’s how Bruno is. He doesn’t really think of something. It might sound noble, but it truly isn’t deep down.

Bruno led out a soft smile anyways, masking the emotions away. “It’s fine, Violet”. *“I’m so used being the one blamed…”,* he subtly whispered. Violet, not being able to hear it, caught some confusion on what he said. “What?”, she asked. “Nothing”, Bruno declined.

Bruno climbed out of the ladder and looked around for Alex—who isn’t only his best friend but voted class president. One voted since fourth grade until the current, ninth. “Alex”, he called out, frantically running around the exterior of Craig’s Ground. Bruno lost hope and almost walked inside the hangout until he got stopped by a classmate.

“Bruno”, Spencer coldly called out.

He ran to Bruno who was about to walk in. “You’re going in?”, he asked. Bruno nodded sadly. “I just don’t know what to do, honestly”, Bruno answered thoroughly. Spencer softly smiled, which isn’t normal for him. Bruno ignored so. “I’ll tell you what, Bruno: Your best friend told me you can take those pumpkins,

carve them and plot them under the trees. That'll be simple for you, correct Bruno?", Spencer asked.

"Are you kidding? I carve pumpkins for my family every year! Why not for my classmates? Of course I will!", Bruno joked. "Plus, a New Yorker can practically carve pumpkins since they're born".

Spencer held himself from snickering. "Good. I'll see you for now. Renard needs me to hold some weights", Spencer said, walking away. Bruno watched as he ran out. He led out a sigh of relief. Finally, he felt useful for something. Providing something as great as pumpkin carving too. He didn't even know that role was filled and done until that point. Either way, he thought it'd be pointless. Pumpkins really only last for a month or two, so what's the point of carving so many? He did so for the sake of his friends and classmates though. Helping others makes Bruno happy after all.

Bruno watched others decorate while carving out every pumpkin's devious smile. He believed that every pumpkin might feel some sort of pain when he chopped them a smile. However, at the same time, those pumpkins could be able to feel something better by smiling, right?

Meanwhile, a Class 1 student named Harvey hung some flyers on the wall about trick or treating the next night. The flyer wasn't actually produced by anyone from Class 1 though. Instead, it's by Mandy, which would be a surprise to anyone outside of Class 2. Mandy's artistic skills truly are shown that day—and perhaps her spiritual ghostly side as well!

"All done, President Alex!", Harvey told Alex as soon as he hung the last flyer on a blank concrete wall. "Good job, Harvey", Alex commenced. "Now, where's Ryder? I've been looking all over for him", he asked soon after. Harvey looked around as much as Alex was. After dropping his head down, he silently (and embarrassingly) answered, "I don't know". "Why are you asking anyways?", he followed up asking, raising his voice by a pitch or two. "I just want to thank Ryder for telling his class to help. After all the petty fights we from Class 2 had with you Class 1 students… I think this is the best way to just soften the blow!", Alex explained. Harvey warmly smiled at Alex. "That's sweet of you. You could just thank me though. I **was** the president after all!", Harvey responded. Alex chuckled like Harvey did. It was true though. Harvey was the former president of Class 1, mainly because of his kindness and honesty to others. However, ever since conflicts

started occurring between Class 1 and 2, the tensions were too high for Harvey to handle, thus he stepped down and gave the role to a rougher and tougher member of the class: Ryder. Ironically, Ryder was a former member of Class 2. “Anyways, I should try to find Ryder now”, Alex stated. He walked away from Harvey who piled up the remaining flyers into a box.

Bruno led out a deep sigh of relief. Pumpkin seeds spewed out of their insides as Bruno sliced a part of them to form a smile. Supposedly a real one, but it could very well be fake. A couple of angry eyes were formed to match the devious face. He repeated this process for about 100 pumpkins.

Once he was done with the pumpkin carving—which would obviously take what would feel like ages—two friends of Bruno came: Ivon and Laurel, both from classes now not unknown to Bruno now that he’s in the ninth grade. “Hey Bruno! Nice carving skills!”, Ivon complemented, his hands forming a gun gesture. Bruno chuckled while Laurel picked up a left-out pumpkin (that was actually the last one). She took the knife Bruno’s orange hands once picked up and directly stabbed it through the insides of the pumpkin. Once she carved a giant hole, she drank the pumpkin juice inside.

“Delicious! Fresh pumpkin juice!”, Laurel delightfully said to herself.

Meanwhile, Bruno was close to barfing in front of his classmates and friends. “Laurel! Don’t do that in front of Bruno! You know what happened to Blossom last year”, Ivon warned. Laurel, who was blissfully drinking the pumpkin like drinking out of a liter of water from an enormous bottle, dropped the now empty shell of a pumpkin down. She stared at Bruno for a moment, who has turned quite queasy, and then looked at Ivon. Blushing, she apologized with, “Oops. Sorry”.

Ivon rolled his eyes away. Bruno stabilized himself, now asking “What happened to Blossom anyways?”. “I don’t want to give out the details! Or else you’d end up like her. It’d be safer to say that it’d be like the outcome after she drank a gallon of milk all in one go. That’s the best way to say it!”, Ivon frantically explained. He was obviously adamant to tell Bruno the disgusting details.

Bruno pictured that Blossom puked at Mercury’s clothes, made Mercury mad, thus storming at Blossom, ranting about his entire life, then temporarily kicked her out of the hangout and sent her home. *“That didn’t sound so bad…”*, Bruno thought to himself.

“What brings you guys here?”, Bruno suddenly asked, wishing to change the subject. “Oh right!”, Laurel realized. She paused for a moment, stared at Ivon. “We just want to compliment you on your work. The others wanted to come, but they’re busy decorating the Team Toxic Lair”, Ivon explained.

Bruno lit up once he heard that. Decorations at the lair isn’t that common since the members are too lazy—that’s one thing Bruno has in common with the members—and when they do decorate, it always ends gorgeously! “Nice!”, Bruno complimented with confidence. He got out and cleaned up all the pumpkins guts and seeds out of his ordinary, blue and white-striped shirt and gray shorts. He was glad that nothing touched his precious blue hat.

“Say, what are you guys going to be for tomorrow night?”, Bruno asked. “I’ll be the invisible man! I’ve always wanted to be invisible”, Ivon answered instantly. After a long, awkward pause, Laurel followed up with her own answer: “Oh! And I’ll be a cowgirl! Yeehaw!”. Bruno giggled. “Cool! I haven’t thought of mines yet. Maybe Pikachu or a Fennec Fox”, Bruno commented. “Fennec Fox? As in those foxes with the giant, fluffy and cute ears?”, Laurel asked. “Uh-huh!”, Bruno nodded excitingly. Fennec Foxes are his favorite animal, so dressing up as one is a no-brainer for Halloween!

After some silence, Mercury walked in to find Bruno, Ivon and Laurel together. He smiled just to find that sight. “Ah, hello!”, Mercury greeted. Ivon and Laurel shockingly turned back to see their wrathful leader. They collectively waved hands at Mercury with a bit of anxiety inside them. “Hello, Mercury”, they greeted back. “Hey boss! Ivon and Laurel said the team’s getting ready for tomorrow”, Bruno said. Mercury nodded. “Indeed”, he affirmed. “Speaking of tomorrow: Bruno, why don’t you join in with the team for tomorrow night? You know, for trick or treating”, Mercury proposed.

Bruno was stunned by the sudden proposal. He was pondering whether he should go with his friends or his classmates who already planned to go with earlier that day. Then, he came to a conclusion. “Sure, after an hour of spending time with my classmates though. I promised I would to them”, Bruno answered. “Understood”, Mercury replied.

Laurel squealed in pure excitement. She never actually celebrated Halloween at the school before, and she started in a good time: When an old pal of hers is joining in! Ivon too. “Sad that my classmates can’t join in!”, Laurel sighed. “Why not?”,

Bruno asked. “My classmates are forbidden from celebrating anything. They say it’s “not the Dunkel way”. I find it ridiculous”, Laurel explained. Laurel seemed to be the most rebellious of Dunkel out of everyone in her class. After all, she was sort of forced to join that class thanks to her abusive father. There was no surprise that she’d protest in every action her class does if she joined that way.

“Dunkel… Huh…”, Bruno whispered to himself. His eyes slightly turned inky for a second. He screeched, panicked. “Bruno?”, Mercury asked. Mercury, Laurel and Ivon watched as Bruno rubbed his eyes “S-Sorry. I-I was just…”, Bruno stuttered. [redacted]. “Uh. Ok”, Laurel shrugged.

Bruno picked up a small pumpkin, much smaller than the ones he was carving before. “Anyways, I was ordered to carve these small pumpkins now. Maybe I can put these in the lair?”, Bruno asked. “Of course!”, Mercury allowed. Mercury gave a cue for Ivon and Laurel to follow him back to the lair. So they did. “Have a good time carving, Bruno!”, Mercury wished. Bruno giggled. “I will!”, he answered.

Chapter 2
The Night

The next night is finally Halloween night. The night everyone was waiting for since the beginning of the month. At this point, many would say that the entire month is simply Halloween. To be technical for schools, however, the students of Open Book School have to refer the specific day, October 31 as Halloween day, or night.

The students made up a tradition since the founding of the class system. Every Halloween, students pick a partner or a group to go with. Once they do so, the students go trick or treating in class order. Local neighborhoods are aware of this tradition by the time the fourth grade came. By then, friendly neighbors who the students would pass through every year would set up a haunted house attraction. Meanwhile, the pranksters of the neighborhoods would always compete on who has the best tricks that could scare the souls out of students. Whoever wins gets to have the remaining candy from neighbors.

As time flies by, the tradition gradually changed. While the neighborhood still sets up the attractions and tricks to this day, the arrangement of groups changed from being selected by students to being between the student's seat partners. This is because some of the reject students would be left out like in a dodgeball game. To change that, Hannah, the runner of the class system, decided to change things up. The introduction of friend groups changed things too. If a student is setting next to a member of a friend group who has already planned to go with them, then they have to go with their across seat neighbors.

Some students drop going on Halloween nights. It's allowed, of course. especially in case of an emergency. Either that, or the student can stay for a few hours and leave since they can leave any time. That year, Casper and Connor decided to stay for only an hour. They believed they just can't survive Halloween for that long because of the way they are. They went anyways because they know things would be fun with the classmates that they grew really close to though. Most students who don't go on Halloween nights are the mentioned rejects or introverts who don't like Halloween much.

The night itself was obviously setting up to a nice one—maybe even better than the last one which was held in Grade 6. The following grades—Grade 7 and 8—didn't have a Halloween celebration because of Mr. Gregory's strict and tight personality. However, since he got so… soft in the ninth grade. He allowed a Halloween celebration. Because of the time gap, everyone was quite rusty—from the neighbors to the students. However, they believed in themselves that this year's Halloween will work out like all the others.

"Hoo-wee! Lookee here!", someone whistled.

It was Winnie. She was dressed up as a lion, strangely enough. Behind her are her classmates, all dressed up in unique and charming costumes. Not pretty, but charming. In front of them was actually Bruno and Winnie's neighborhood. All filled with orange and white lights. Pumpkins grinning and staring right at whoever passes by. Even pretend gravestones were planted in some houses!

"Wow! Didn't know mom and dad worked so hard in this! Guess your parents too, huh Win?", Bruno asked. Winnie pulled up her overalls which she was somehow still wearing as a lion. "E-yup!", she agreed. "Mom was covered in dirt from burying that pretend skeleton ya know! Actually, I thought it was the skeleton of great ol' ma",

"Say what now?!", Maverick exclaimed as a clown. Winnie cackled. "Forget what I said!", she brushed off. Roselynn came up to everyone. Apparently, she was late, for obvious reasons once her costume is shown. "Greetings everyone", she greeted. While running, she almost tripped on her rope but luckily caught herself up. Everyone looked back just to see someone dressed in a robe with their face obscured in black.

Of course, that sight made everyone scream their lungs out. Roselynn was caught off guard. After gasping, she pulled her hood down, revealing her typical, straight-haired self. "Oh dear! I am most certainly sorry!", Roselynn apologized, almost dropping her axe. Everyone paused and stared at her, sighing out of relief afterward. "It's fine, Rose", Violet forgave.

"My, my! Roselynn you sure did outdo yourself this year!", Bella complimented. "I remember last Halloween night-out, you were dressed up as some skeleton. That was awful! But this? This is believable!", she added.

Roselynn blushed, and not out of her makeup, instead out of pure joy. "Thank you, Bella", she thanked.

“I’d say: I think Bruno outdid himself too! Yes, we’ve never seen him wear a costume before—“.

“Heh. Wait, you never had a Halloween night-out in Brooklyn?”, Renard asked. Max, whose mouth and sound systems were suddenly cut off by Renard, continued with, “Yes. You’re lucky to have this”. “As I was saying: Bruno looks magnificent! A demon really suits you, Bruno”.

“Why’s that? Is it because I’m haunted by a demon?”, Bruno asked suddenly.

Everyone froze and paused. Some of the girls were covering their mouths. Carly wasn’t taking any of that though. She scoffed off. “Pssh. It’s obvious that’s just a stupid tale you, Alex and your toxic friends came up with to scare us”, Carly insulted. “It wasn’t! It was true!”, Alex denied.

“Speaking out now? Hahaha!”, Sarah laughed.

“I bet the neighbors are going to make an attraction all about that”, Carly bet.

“And they’re going to make Bruno float up in the air and scare us!”, Sarah added.

“As if that’s going to scare us”, Carly replied with snark.

“Cut it off you two. You don’t even know what I and Bruno have been through”, Alex grunted. Bruno stared at everyone awkwardly. Everyone stared back. “As leader of the class: I declare this as the beginning of the Halloween night! Those who are in friend groups such as: I, Bruno, Vlad, Max and Spencer are obligated to stay with our groups. Renard, Sheldon and Paul, you three can team up. The rest of you will follow as usual”, Alex declared and commanded.

Everyone did so. A chaotic mess of going together. “Don’t want to make the Class 3 hypocrites angry now, do we?”, a student asked, most likely Paul. Strangely enough, Jasmine did nothing. Instead, she approached Bruno, which is unlike her of her. But at the same time, she and Bruno were developing a friendship. Perhaps she’s going to ask him out?

“Hey, Bruno”, Jasmine called.

Bruno turned back as he was going to the left instead of the right where everyone was grouping up. Going to Jasmine, he noticed her incredible Cinderella costume. It’s not scary, but some people are dressed up as astronauts, like Sheldon, so that might provide some justification there.

Staring at Jasmine’s blue dress, Bruno blushed as he looked up at Jasmine and replied with, “Hey Jasmine. Nice costume you have”. Jasmine giggled, blushing

too. “Thanks, Bruno. I just want to say that you’ve got a cool costume too! I know demons are sort of a part of you now, at least from that haunted house story, but I’m glad you accepted it. You’re dressing up as one for Halloween!”, she replied. Bruno sighed. “Not really. My friends sort of told me to do this… but I think being a demon is cool though! Like you said, it is sort of a part of me… But you’re not scared, right?”, Bruno asked.

Jasmine shook her head no. The distance between the two grew smaller. It felt shorter too. “As long as you don’t kill anyone!”, she giggled. Bruno turned red. “I’ll try not to!”, he giggled back. “I think you should go now. Marlyn’s probably getting impatient right now if I know anything about her”, Bruno suddenly recommended. Jasmine turned back to see a sort of fuming Marlyn far behind her. “Right”, she smiled.

“Bye Cinderella! I mean—Jasmine”, Bruno corrected himself.

“Bye Bruno”, Jasmine said.

Jasmine ran to Marlyn who was dressed up as a witch. At that point, everyone left to go for trick or treating.

Bruno was left in a romantic gaze. His heart fluttered. He felt like the butterflies inside him left. Nothing but pink hearts floated above him. His eyes fixated on Jasmine walking on the cemented streets to a house. Despite being dressed up as a demon, he surely did attract the attention of cupid.

Minutes into feeling this strange way, Alex tapped his shoulder. After waiting, Alex turned Bruno to face him. Shaking him wasn’t that effective. Bruno was still in that arrow-hit state. “Bruno, are you serious now?”, Alex moaned.

Finally, after what felt like the hundredth shake, Bruno woke up. Not because of the shaking, but because he started hearing how frantic Alex’s voice has grown to be. In general, Alex’s voice would’ve woken up Bruno anyway if he was asleep and not dreaming about a girl.

“Oh, Alex. Is it morning?”, Bruno asked. “Ooh! Maybe it’s Valentine’s!”.

Alex facepalmed and groaned. “No! It’s still October and Halloween. Can’t you see my lab coat and goggles?”, Alex asked while pointing at his mad scientist costume. It consisted of a white, long lab coat, white gloves and huge goggles. His hair was even styled to be that of Dr. Frankenstein’s, which he is mostly dressing up as.

“I see now!”, Bruno replied. Then he realized something. “Wait, shouldn’t I be with Team Toxic now?”, he asked himself.

“Yeah! That’s why I’m here. I’m going to come with you to Team Toxic’s… place. Mercury wants to see me tonight for diplomatic reasons”, Alex explained.

“Ah! Diplomacy! Ok!”, Bruno giggled, knowing that there’s something more Alex wants than simple diplomacy with a team that’s already on good terms with Class 2. Alex had his smile too. “Let’s go already”, he ordered. The two walked away from their classmates and to Team Toxic, who were on the other side of the streets. That’s where the friend groups stay in.

On the other side, the members of Team Toxic waited in one giant group, even if there are seven members present so far. They watched as the other friend groups started visiting attractions and getting to trick or treating.

Vlad, dressed up as a vampire like he does every year for obvious reasons, glanced at his made-up watch. His head turned side to side, just seeing his already seen friends waiting and getting bored as much as him. Except for Kyanide and Laurel, but they never are bored anyways. Laurel, like every Halloween, eats up the leftover candy from yesterday that was given to them by the Class 3 students.

Laurel was dressed as a cowgirl as she planned the day before. Ivon was an invisible man, also planned before. Kyanide was a mummy, though just one wrapped in toilet paper. Mercury was Frankenstein’s Monster. Mercury nicknamed the monster as “Frank” actually. Aster and Blossom were apparently missing, but they weren’t marked as absent by Mercury. Not because they were with their classes—the last people they’d be with for Halloween are their classmates—instead they were dressing up in their newly planned costumes.

Eventually, Bruno and Alex arrived to the crowd. A little late the party, of course.

“Ah, Bruno! And Alex! Glad to see you!”, Mercury greeted.

“Salutations, Leader Mercury. Are you ready to sign the treaty?”, Alex suddenly asked.

“The… treaty?”, Bruno asked. Alex winked as he pulled up a scroll… with nothing written on it! Mercury chuckled. “Of course I am, Alex! Or shall I say Dr. Frankenstein?”, Mercury joked. Alex chuckled back.

“Isn’t Dr. Frankenstein the monster?”, Kyanide asked. Kyanide looked at Laurel for an answer, but she shrugged. “For the record: Dr. Frankenstein is the

creator of Dr. Frankenstein's **Monster**. You got the story wrong, basically", Ivon corrected.

Unlike the others, Vlad wasn't having any of this. He stomped, oddly like Mercury did. "Bruno, Alex! You guys would say you'd come before!", Vlad yelled. Bruno rolled his eyes, crossing his arms. "Well, you said you'd come to meet up with your classmates. Look what happened", Bruno answered back.

"Hey, hey, no more fights, please!", Mercury tried to calm down the two. Bruno and Vlad sighed and stared at each other. "Says from the wrathful guy", Vlad answered back with snark, like he always does. Mercury's once free hands transformed into a fist. "WHY YOU LITTLE!?", he shouted. Before he could violently commit anything, two familiar faces showed up.

In the dark night, two seeming angels came. The whole team turned their heads to the white robes along with Alex. From there, they saw… Aster and Blossom dressed as angels?

As soon as the silence is supposed to end, Bruno laughed his heart out. He tried his best to hold it back, but couldn't. The other team members soon followed. Kyanide laughed the loudest—as expected. He's a loud laugher. Alex was the only person not laughing, feeling quite sympathetic instead. It's obvious that Aster and Blossom were forced into these costumes just by looking at Aster's humiliated face.

"What are you laughing for? Don't we look cool?", Blossom asked naively. Aster nudged Blossom with his shoulder to hers. He blushed a bit before whispering her about something. "It should be obvious why, Bloss". Blossom was obviously oblivious of this reason. Her head was turned left and right, drowning in confusion.

Aster facepalmed after letting her take the last hint. "We look ridiculous!", Aster yelled, stopping everyone's laughter. Alex rolled his eyes while crossing his arms. "You always do", he whispered.

Mercury somehow just remembered Alex's presence. "Oh! Wait! I just realized…", he exclaimed. Alex turned to look at Mercury. So did everyone else. Mercury raised both his arms up as if he's about to give a hug. Before anyone knew it, he actually did to Alex! "Dr. Frankenstein!!!", he squealed.

Alex pushed Mercury aside. Personal space means a lot to Alex after all. However, unlike other times, he was smiling instead of being in distress. He even giggled. "Oh, my monster!", he played along.

Everyone stared at those two as if they're crazy. Laurel suddenly made the connection unlike everyone else there. "Oh! I get it! Frankenstein's Monster and his creator! Or is it 'its'?", Laurel connected the dots.

Bruno snickered after Laurel said that. His face crumbled up to a scratchy smile. His whole body turned to his two former bullies dressed as angels.

"You two still look hilarious though!", he laughed at Aster and Blossom. The sides seemed to have switched between him and Aster and Blossom. "Very funny…", Aster sighed. Blossom snickered. "As if you don't look any worse than us!", Blossom laughed back.

Bruno turned red in embarrassed. He got a taste of his own medicine. "You're not wrong", he answered, smiling a bit.

Vlad looked behind the three, which was the haunted house. Not the haunted house, instead an attraction that looks like it. Well, it was actually the haunted house itself but it's made into a haunted house attraction. Indeed, that's how much people thought the tale was just a silly, made-up story. Vlad smiled deviously.

"Hey, Bruno, Aster, Blossom… and Alex. Why don't you guys group up?", Vlad asked. The four stared at Vlad awkwardly. Alex cleared his throat, starting to ask a question. "And why am I involved?".

"You four are infamous with that scary house. It'd be awful if you guys don't go to a haunted house attraction", Vlad suggested.

The four begged to differ. They didn't like the experience back then—so why would they like it again even if it's fake? The others were simply neutral. Nothing was really known to them about the tale discounting the fact that three of the eight members of the group were involved.

"I don't know, Vlad. We were really traumatized", Bruno replied. Blossom shivered as soon as Bruno said that. The word "trauma" always has that effect on her. "Unless you pay us…", Aster quietly added. Bruno somehow heard, jumping once he did so. "Aster…!", he exclaimed.

Vlad pulled out everything out his pockets. Those include: buttons, a game's secret code, and lots of coins. Aster ignored everything but the coins. Even a single penny means a lot to Aster. "Here you go", Vlad offered. Aster snatched everything out of Vlad's palm not matter what it was.

"We're going, guys!", Aster declared.

Alex slightly walked back. His palms blocking him from the trio. “No! I’m not going to go!”, he declined rapidly.

Vlad shrugged. Without saying a word, he walked out of the scene. The other members reluctantly followed suite. Blossom’s stomach churned in an eerie sense inside of her. Bruno wasn’t any different. As for Aster: He was simply living in a world of his own with his precious pennies.

“I’m not going! It doesn’t matter if I was dressed as Jesus or Dr. Frankenstein—I’m **not** going!”, Alex excessively denied. Sweat teared through him.

“Woah, Alex! Calm down! It’s just a suggestion from Vlad, you don’t have to go!”, Bruno assured.

Alex huffed. He stormed off, not speaking afterward.